

COHASSET COTTAGER.

VOLUME II.

COHASSET, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.

NUMBER 21.

SILVERTON'S MISSES,
COHASSET, MASS., July 26, 1883.
Notice is hereby given, under Chapter 106, that the undersigned, E. W. WOOD has applied for a license to sell intoxicating liquors as a Retail Dealer of the Second Class, in the name of COHASSET, in the Town of Cohasset, in the State of Massachusetts, on the first floor of a said house.

J. S. A. LOTHROP,
PHILANDER RAYES,
CALEB F. NICHOLS,

Subscribers of
Cohasset.



**Scituate Express
COMPANY.**

For Scituate, North Scituate,

Egypt and Greenbush.

OFFICES:

174 Washington St.
BOSTON, 15 Devonshire St.

D. J. Bates' Store, No. Scituate,
Herald Office, Scituate Harbor,

From 7 to 8 P.M.

Leave Office, Scituate, 7 A.M.
Leave Boston Office, 2 P.M.

Order Buses at the stores of Clark & Co. and the P. O., Scituate. 38

COAL.

**Franklin,
Kalmia,
Lackawanna
and
Cumberland
For Blacksmiths' Use.**

At the Wharf of

**E. H. BONNEY,
Scituate.**

**Scituate
Drug Store**

Drugs, Patent Medicines

Fancy Articles,

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

ICE CREAM PARLOR

over the stores, open day and evening.

H. H. HILLS

HAS RE-OPENED HIS

Ice Cream

—AND—

Dining Saloon

At his Old Stand,

Scituate Harbor.

Where he will FURNISH

Meals by the Day or Week

Home-made BREADS and PASTRY fresh
every day. Nuts, Fruits, etc. Catering
done for parties at short notice.

H. H. HILLS

Nantasket Beach R. R.

EXCURSION ROUTE TO BOSTON.

These lines of Old Colony House for Premium

and way stations, made days off 6.45, 7.45,

8.45, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45,

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11.45, 12.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45,

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CONDEMNED.

"Well, what—what happened?" asked Adrienne, seeing that the man seemed overwhelmed with mental anguish.

"Oh, my dear—oh, I don't know if it's worth telling you yesterday, I can see it all—the fall after the battle, the camp-fires, the white tents! I can't help myself from answering the charge of having murdered my darling wife."

"I do not understand," said Adrienne. "How? By whom?"

"What else must have been murdered very soon after I found her, for they found her lying—dead—here."

"While I was fighting, full of hope at the prospect of escape, injury, and going back to her, she was here—killed by me!"

Adrienne's agitation was painful; her dilating eyes were fixed on the convict who had been stretching out his hands to her, and her lips trembled.

"I did not kill her," said Valentine, throwing his arms around Adrienne, who could not bear to look at him.

"What's which in a world of plunder must have entered the house, and my poor wife would no doubt tried to defend the things she had lost?"

"But surely, there's nothing to teach," said Valentine, "if there's no one to teach it."

"What are you saying?" asked Adrienne. "We will help you if you will but give us some place, what have you in mind?"

"If the man who sold us to the English, he'll be right before Fontenay still lives, he could bear witness to the truth of this statement."

"Even if he still lives, but you said he was dead."

"Ah, there is the trouble. He felt that his death was near, and I was well I could not bear to let him die."

"It is twelve years ago, and we hear nothing in the galleries."

"What was his name?" asked Valentine.

"The Count de Marmont. If he alive will manage to reach me. Have you no other home to sustain you? That is a fearful life as yours."

"My wife's necklace is the only other thing that I possess. It was given to me on our wedding-day. It was a costly gift. My wife kept it in a curious box, and put the chain through it, so that I could wear it."

"I think that you will be safer."

"And you say that they all disappeared on that night. The money also?" asked Valentine.

"The coins had turned to Adrienne, and with impulsive gestures appealed to her.

Adrienne met his gaze as if fascinated.

"No! They were not told me—they were spoken to me—no, and by her. I remember your voice. I remember your eyes—your face. You, I remember you."

She would have thrown herself in his arms, but the man started back, unable to restrain or accept the vehemence of her embrace.

"You must be mocking me!" he cried.

But before Adrienne could reply, a man stepped forward between them, and stood staring at the convict.

"Rourke!"

"John Rourke!"

The two men glared at each other. The gaoler closed his jagged recognition. A hand, gripping soft rounded them to the realization of what was now very close at hand, and the gaoler's fingers tightly gripping their flesh.

The convict glanced from Adrienne to John, and then laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Rourke, my child!"

For one's O'Rourke hesitated, his quick glance included the three faces, as if he knew from whom how much they knew or suspected.

"O'Rourke, before the God who sets us to the darkness, and, healing her to the darkness, made a low courtesy, and then turned his back to the three.

"John, I am here to help you."

The hands were with the other valuables. I promised a mink's skin of pelts and a diamond cross; but I did not want to be seen with them.

"Overthere! With your necklace," said Valentine.

"It was made of pearls, emeralds and sapphires, and a diamond cross, and a chalice, containing three large diamonds."

"A jewel like that, to be destroyed, and to be unmercifully taken."

"No, it was beautiful as it was."

The convict bowed from Valentine to Adrienne, whose hands had kept her silent. Now she spoke.

CHAPTER E.

NOT ALL IS BRAVE.

Of the two men, the younger seemed pen of the memory. What evidence could they have to bear such an accusation upon?

Her eyes met his as she said that. Again that plaining glimmered in his eyes, and he turned his head to the wall, as though to conceal the importance of the man's unjust position, that she spoke impulsively.

"Tell me, tell me, who we wish to have everything."

"Well, then—it was the robbery of my own child." Oh, terrible! cried Valentine.

"Brother, tell me! They brought my little girl—a child but few years old. Her mother had left home, but I had not seen her since she was born, and she died, and a shadow, containing three large diamonds."

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CHAPTER G.

A MURDERER'S LOVE.

Raising her hand, Adrienne watched her father going away.

"Sure I can be happy! I can forget you, if I can forget him. I can forget him, if I can forget him, and start a new life."

"But why?—why should you murder your own child?" Valentine.

"Yes, indeed, my own son, I am beautiful. Yet they said that, in a fit of passion, I had killed my own child."

"Confounded! Adrienne!—said Adrienne with a start of profound surprise. "They said that again? Oh, my God!"

"I was not your story worthy of being told, but I am not worthy of being the keeper of the memory and the jewel."

"It was destined to be false. Then the accusation that I had made."

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"Confounded! Adrienne!—said Adrienne with a start of profound surprise. "They said that again? Oh, my God!"

"I was not your story worthy of being told, but I am not worthy of being the keeper of the memory and the jewel."

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"But why?—

he had important business with you."

"Oh, let him come in!" cried Adrienne.
"He's the man I want—
Monsieur le Comte!—the
man who can restore my freedom!"
Oh! is not this salvation for him—fear?

Crying and laughing, he turned his head, and the door closed behind his back.

"Come again, and I will see this
gentleman. Why, Adrienne, I tears
again?"

"Well, stay with your mother, and I
will bring the subject up as soon as we
have listened to his business with me.

Can you be patient for a few minutes?"

"Not I! I have no patience!"

The duke was agitated; with an effort he
turned to the servant. "Well, show the
gentleman in. First, I must hear him."

In a few moments the servants flung wide
the great doors of the room, and one of
them announced:

"The Count de Mornasse!" said the
duke.

"As he comes in, I am prepared in the
dresser, and with a comprehensive
glance around him, entered the room.

A tall, wiry man, dressed in the extreme
fashion of the day. Every garment, every
drapery, gold embroidery, cost; his satin
waistcoat and breeches, his rolled silk
stockings, and his high-heeled, diamond-
laced shoes, all were bright and gay.

He was a man of few words, but equally
polite salutations.

The duke proffered a chair,

which accepted another with a bow.

"The Count de Mornasse?" said the
duke.

"At your service, sir. You are the
duc d'Aubrelot?"

The duke bowed assent.

CHARTER XIV.

THE COUNT DE MORNASSE.

"You will excuse my trespassing on
your time when I have explained the ob-
ject of my visit," said Count de Mornasse.

"I am very glad to have
the pleasure of receiving the Count de
Mornasse. In my capacity as Governor
of Provence, I would be a glad to serve
you in any way that you may desire to do
for us. You have recently returned to
France," said the Duke d'Aubrelot.

"Very recently. Perhaps you may have
heard that I did not stay long. Until
invited to this government, I spent
my time in the Hotel de Ville. Your family
freed me from this part of France."

"You are a man principally in
Provence. No doubt I shall often have need
of your good offices, as I renew pos-
session of them."

"Very probably; and I assure you
my visits will be frequent, the Duke de
Champlain, will enable you to lay your
affairs before him. We expect him within
a few days."

"I shall be delighted to meet him. He
is a man of great tact, and deserves every
meeting the duke's own glance."

"In establishing my claims here, I, however,
anticipate few difficulties. My arms are
well known, and I have a large following.

"His arms and legs did not
compare with Sullivan's either in size
or symmetry. His good natured face
wore a look of anxiety and he was pale-
ly nervous. His flesh looked soft
and rather white, though his face was
fat and had disappeared much above his
shoulders. The muscles in great relief
on his arms and legs did not compare
with Sullivan's either in size or symmetry.

Sullivan left Scituate with his compa-

nions to Saturday evening at about

the time of arrival of the winter,
when snow fell on the day or two at cottage
ridge opposite his recent training house
and grounds.

He had scatricated people, and espe-
cially the ladies greatly interested in

this boxing hero of the hour.

Sullivan had been his training place
for two seasons. He liked it for its
quiet and coolness, and good care as well
as good fellowship.

"Papa!" Davis of Chicago, looking

principally clerical, was on the stage as

timekeeper and Barley Aaron of
Palestine was the referee. Paul White-
taker again blew his fog horn, announcing

that there was to be a wrestling

match and that when the referee told

the boxers to begin, he occupied the present enclosure.

Jack's stay this time has lasted about

three weeks, and in that time he has

met many business and no mistake, his

great object being to get up his muscle

and get down his flesh from 235 to

195 pounds.

He has had two companions all the

while, Vijo, Joe, or "Shumlin" (Goss),

the most fighter and trainer, and Pete

McCoy, a constant attendant and master

of the science of sparring.

Goss is 50 or more, very fleshy and

so net in a condition to follow the

young man up in his peregrinations.

He also weighed 23 pounds more, fighting

at 225, while Sullivan was trained down

to 195.

"Sullivan opened the mill" by

striking savagely at Slade and driving

him to the ropes. He did this

twice, sparing finely. The Maori

surprised rather surprised at the tremen-

dous attacks of Sullivan, whose

body did not hit who, in about a min-

ute, was a picture of a shrewd boxer.

Slade was two or three inches taller

than the man from Boston. He also

weighed 23 pounds more, fighting at

225, while Sullivan was trained down

to 195.

He then struck his right hand

against Slade's shoulder, and they

clashed.

"They then struck Sullivan struck

Slade and knocked off with his left

hand as if expecting the fighting was

over for the time, but the Boston bruiser

followed him, slipped him in the

back of the neck and with one tremen-

dous blow knocked the half-breed right

between the upper and lower

ribs. They then struck their heads

against each other.

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